YVONNE FRENCH

ags.net

This sultry 19-year-old is French by name and French by nature. There's nothing she likes more than a long, deep, tongue-twisting snog. In fact, she enjoys it so much that she entered a snog-athon at her local club. "I'd gone to the club with some friends and they announced that they were going to have a competition for the longest, most passionate kiss. I didn't have a boyfriend at the time so I grabbed this guy that I'd had the hots for and dragged him onto the dancefloor... I've obviously got a good nose for a great kisser because he was the best!

"I might not have had a boyfriend when I went in but I sure had one went I left. Oh, and yes, we won!"

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
JOANIE ALLUM

Nicole & Shanine

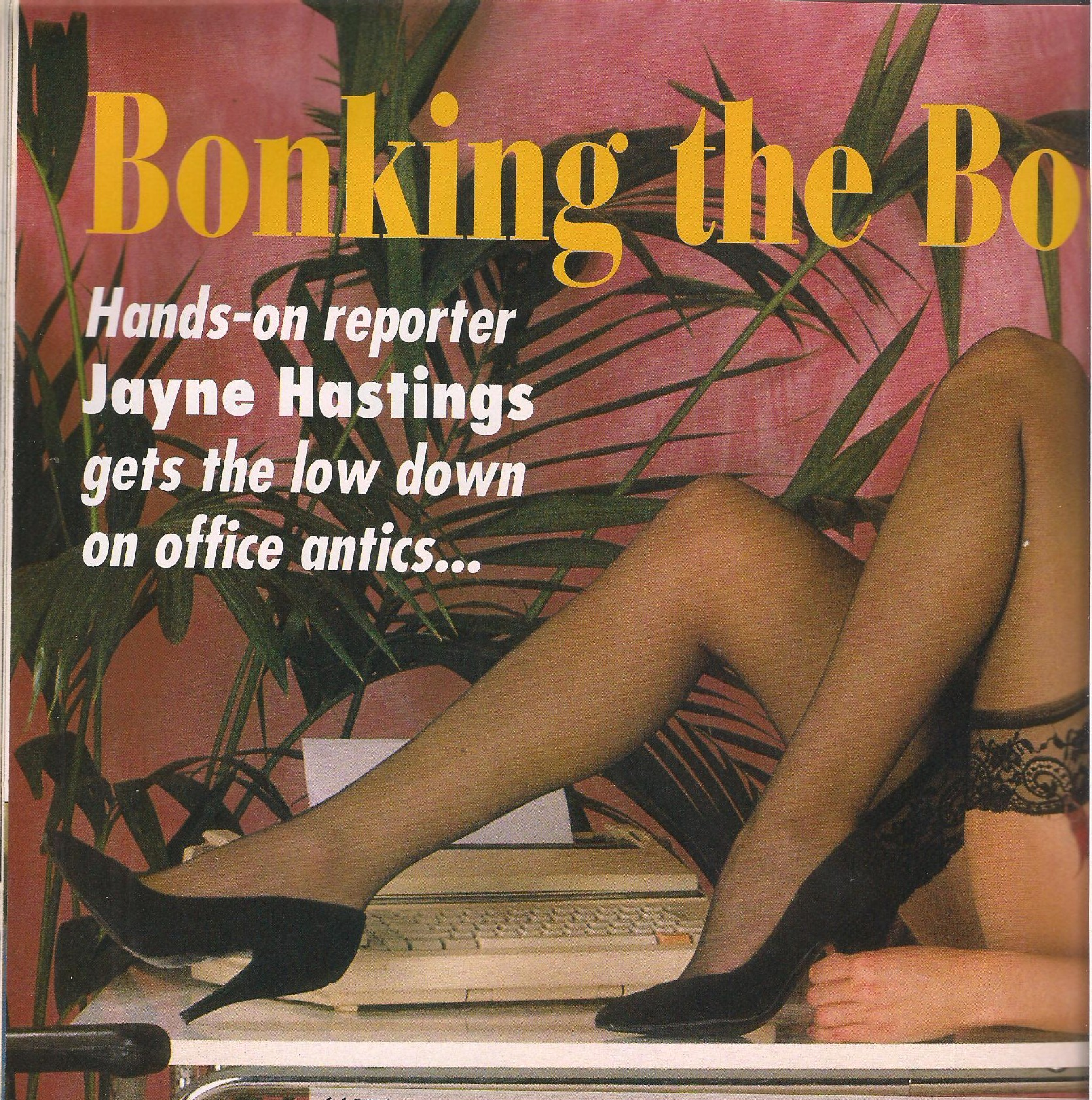
Mags.net

Flirty flatmates Nicole Williams and Shanine McDonald have been playmates since they were at school. But these days the two 20-year-olds have swopped sharing their Sindy dolls for something far sexier. "We do get on rather well, don't we, Nick?" says Shanine with a wicked wink. They both collapse into giggles. Intense interrogation reveals that they regularly share a bed, enjoy teasing each other's body with their tongues and love playing with sex toys. "But we're not really lesbians," explains Nicole. "I couldn't do it with any other girl..." But what about other blokes? "Oh, we share them too!" Shanine says saucily. "Any man who gets into our bedroom is in for the threesome of his life. Like the Duracells in our dildo, we wear them out then chuck them away!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

Bonking the Bo

Hands-on reporter **Jayne Hastings** *gets the low down on office antics...*



"If you want to suck seed, give the boss a blow-job." This piece of graffiti in the ladies' toilet at a well known ad agency may not be the wittiest in the world, but it has a soupçon of truth — about 10cc to be precise. Whether it's on the casting couch or over the director's desk, there is no doubt that the way to get on with the boss is to get off with him — or her, of course. It didn't take much research to discover just how many women (and a few men) owe their high position in the company to a much lower one in bed. Bonking the boss seems to be the most effective piece of careers advice anyone can give. Like most business methods, it's not something I necessarily approve of, but a simple fact of life.

And first impressions count! These days, it seems you have to snog the boss, at least, to get the job in the first place! Take last week. I was meeting the editor of *Mayfair* in a Soho pub (no, I didn't shag him to get the article accepted!) when a man and a much younger girl sat at the table opposite. From snatches of overheard conversation, it was obvious she was being interviewed for a job as his secretary. At first, the questions were formal and businesslike (typing speed, shorthand skills etc); but by the time a few drinks had flowed, words per minute were becoming less important than wads per minute! His arm was around her shoulder, hands dangling towards her crisply-laundered blouse and the small firm boobs within, and he was salivating in her ear. ▶

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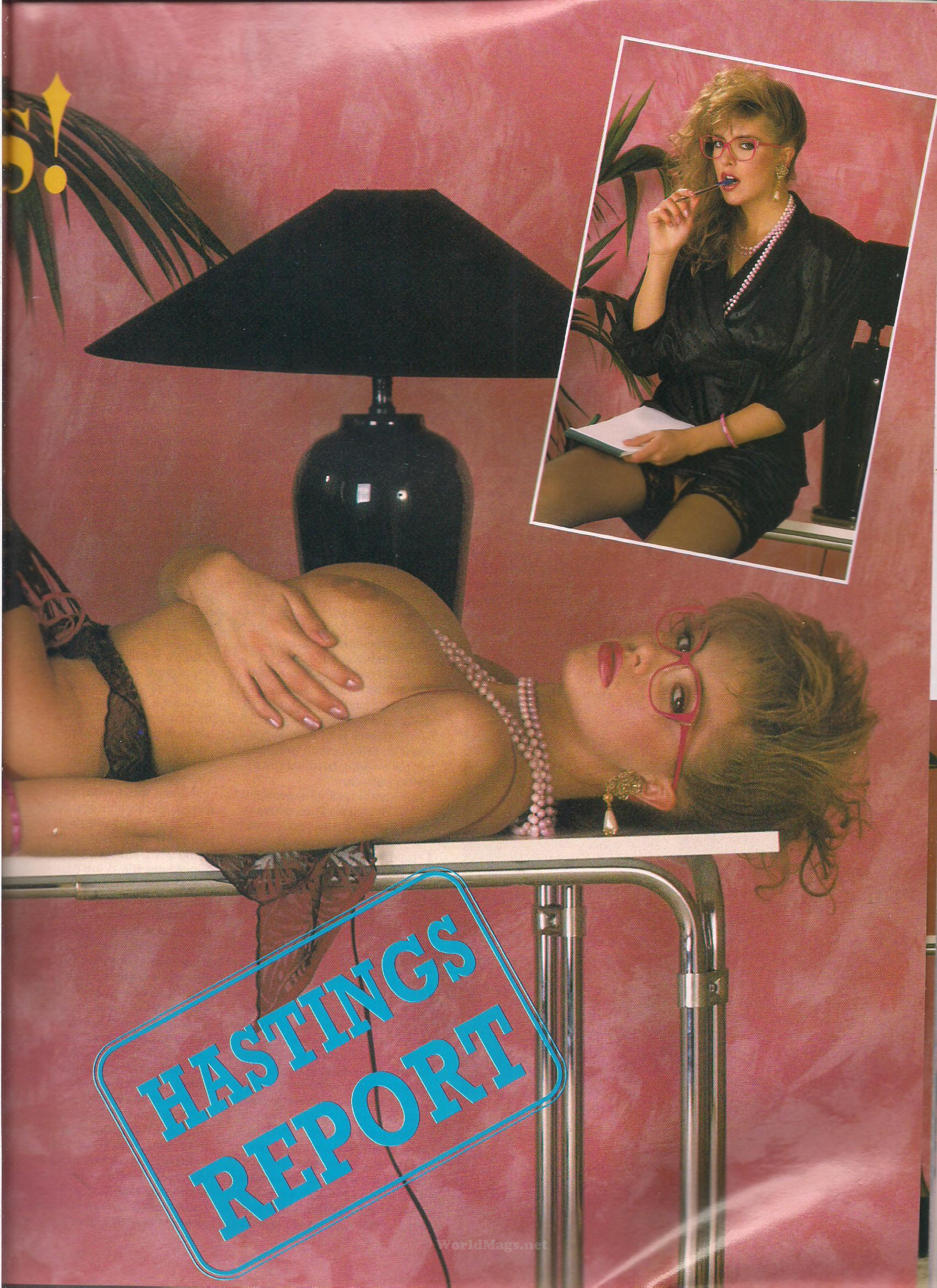


HASTINGS REPORT

"You see, what's really important," he slurred, "is our relationship. We have to get on well, do you see? We have to be friends. I've always been friends with my assistants..."

The girl, who'd rather sensibly stuck to orange juice during the interview, was clearly revolted by the thought but kept her replies polite.

Unfortunately, I lost track of their progress but when I looked again they were in a deep, tongue wrestling kiss. She'd obviously got the job.

It seems like an appallingly submissive role for a woman to have to take in the New Age 90s, but Pamela, a PA from Hertfordshire, disagrees.

"Yes, I have had sex with my boss but I don't see it as degrading. On the contrary, it provides the close bonding that a personal assistant needs to have with her employer and gives me a lot of experiences I wouldn't ordinarily have had.

"We go to a lot of conferences, and Mr ____ (name withheld) always takes me. I've been to the *Georges V* in Paris, *Raffles* in Singapore — not the sort of places a typist from Watford would normally hang out. And I've had sex in most of them as well.

"I remember lying back in the silk sheets of the four-poster in the *Georges V* after a pre-conference fuck thinking how lucky I was. Paul, my boss, is good in bed, and it's not demeaning because we both enjoy it. There are no ties. Paul's married and I've got a fella so neither of us want any more than what we get — a nice bonk in some beautiful places!

"I've had great sex in some of the most fabulous hotels in the world!"

"It's like there are two separate worlds. The real one where Mike and I do the shopping on Saturday, watch telly and fuck in the flat. And a make-believe one where I eat beautiful meals, see fabulous cities and make love between silk sheets with my boss — except that's real too."

Martin, a managing director from Southampton, also recommends it — from a business point of view.

"If Sir John Harvey-Jones were to look at work practices within middle management, I think he would recommend men having a sexual relationship with their secretaries. It's good for business. A man and his secretary should be a close team, loyal to one another and prepared to help each other overcome whatever difficulties they may encounter. A personal friendship encourages that. It also means that they are happy in each other's company all day and maybe more prepared to work late! What more could an MD ask than two happy people working hard together for his company?"

But what if it all goes wrong?

"Ah! Yes, I have known days when I've rung a secretary, asked her to get her boss to see me, and found she's not speaking to him because of a tiff. That's when I have to step in and tell them that at the end of the day, it's a bloody job, not a marriage. Marriages don't depend on producing product and making money, their jobs do!"

"So...err...do you have sex with your secretary, then?"

"My dear, I'm a bit old for that sort of hanky panky now," he replied with a chortle. "But I have in the past. I had a secretary called Fiona of whom I was very fond. It was just after I split with my first wife and I really felt the need for female company, not just sexually, but to talk to. So I took her to dinner. An hour later we were kissing passionately in my car...

"I was unbuttoning her blouse like a frantic teenager and cupping my hands over her pert breasts as she fondled me through my flies. We put the seat back and had a fast, fucking uncomfortable screw. But it was everything I needed. She'd helped sort me out emotionally over dinner, now she was doing the same sexually.

"The next day I was overcome with guilt. I called her into my office for the most difficult meeting I've ever held. Basically, I wanted to make sure she wasn't doing it because she felt she had to because I was her boss. 'Oh no,' she replied and then said something that I think sums the whole thing up. 'I see you as a friend,' she said. 'After all we spend at least 40 hours a week together going through good times, bad times, coping with each other's mood swings and so on. We don't see each other socially but we see more of each other than the people we do see socially. What I did last night is what I'd do for any friend.' It was then that I realised just how important our relationship was."

But for some women, it's the power alone that provides a sexual stimulant. Mandy from Stockton is a confirmed boss-bonker — and not just her own!

"Oooh, I've always liked blokes who wield a bit of power," the 26-year-old blonde told me. "Men who make decisions, sign papers that could mean a difference of thousands of pounds, men in control — oh yes, they're the sort that get me going."

And when she was 18, Mandy found herself in a job that would let her have as many powerful men as she wanted.

"I was working for this PR company that organised conferences all over the country. Now, I don't know if you know, but business conferences are the nearest thing to a legalised orgy there is! For three or four days men are allowed out without their wives but with vast expense accounts, and bloody hell, do they make the most of it. Any woman is fair game.

"And so was I! Me and my mate Pauline had a competition to see who could shag the most fellas at the conference. You got one point for an executive, two for a manager, five for a director and ten for the MD! Fancying important blokes like I do, I always won! I scored 35 points in a weekend once! Mind you, being stripped naked on the dining table, smeared in cream and passed round the directors to nibble the bit they chose was a bloody good start.

"Yes, it was our job to see that the conference guests had everything they wanted, and that suited me fine. If the whole board of directors wanted a blow-job (that's 25 points at least!), I'd have been there! I admit I was a bit of a tart!

"I thoroughly enjoyed it but it couldn't last. I mean how can you come back to a terraced house in Billingham and a slobby boyfriend after you've been shagged bandy by half a dozen of the wealthiest blokes in the country with champagne flowing all night? I had to stop. I haven't been fucked by a boss since."

Do you miss it?

"Of course I do!"

Margaret, a 29-year-old brunette from Glasgow, has no fantasies about bonking the boss. She is the boss. The head of a small but highly successful company, does she think men fantasise about bonking her?

"At the risk of being immodest, I know they do!" she said with a laugh. Dressed in a tailored black blazer with more brass buttons than a South American dictator and immaculate from her freshly styled blonde hair to her Russell & Bromley high heels, it was hard to imagine a man who would dare, but I was wrong...

> **"If the entire board had wanted a blow job, I'd have been there!"**

"Since the 80s, the power-dressed woman has been quite a fantasy figure for certain men," she says with a matter-of-factness that hides the fact that she's talking about herself. "It's pure femdom! The powerful woman whipping her male subordinates into line, crushing the cocks of the waiverers under her high heels!"

Without thinking I looked down and checked her shoes for blood stains....

"But whilst I do dress and behave formally at work, people who know me know I'm not like that at all. I don't fancy wimps and I certainly wouldn't sleep with one. Mind you, it can be quite fun playing the role! My most OTT Lady Boss outfit is a beautiful black leather suit. It has a knee-length skirt and tightly waisted jacket that does up with four shiny silver buttons. It's just like a policewoman's outfit for perverts!

"One day I had to discipline this cheeky young salesman, so I wore it with my highest heels. The offender, Jones (name changed) was an ex-public schoolboy, and when he was called in he just fell apart. This cocky young bloke who I knew had been making ridiculous promises to customers, took one look at this six foot leather-clad dominatrix and was turned to jelly. Well, most of him! Revelling in seeing the little shit squirm for once, I noticed the nastier I was, the more excited he got! He was really turned on by it. If I'd said, 'Now Jones as a punishment I want you to lick my shoes clean with your tongue then put your dick on the table whilst I give it six of the best with a plastic ruler,' he would have done!

"But no, I wouldn't have a real sexual relationship at work. I enjoy using my sexuality to get what I want whether it's playing the powerful dominatrix or the weak little Lolita but that's business. Pleasure is a long slow Sunday of sex without having to pretend anything."

Now I know what you're going to ask? Have I ever messed around with my boss? Of course I have, I'm self-employed! But seriously, I do have one saucy tale to tell. One of my first jobs was with a local radio station. I was a secretary-cum-reporter who occasionally got to read the weather and road reports and have sexist comments made about her live on air by desperately unfunny DJs.

Part of my role as radio bimbo was turning up to local events in 'uniform'. Thanks to a Manager with all the political correctness of a Carry On film, this consisted of a skintight t-shirt bearing the station's logo and pleated mini-skirt. When you're blessed with 38-inch boobs and a bum that is best described as 'comfy' it certainly got me, if not the station, noticed.

After one typical summer afternoon flogging t-shirts, having wet sponges thrown at me on the Aunt Sally, and pressing stickers on people who didn't want them, the Managing Director turned up in person to thank us. However, when it was my turn, he opted for a big cuddle. A big cuddle that involved one hand going up my skirt.

The next thing I knew he was dragging me into the back of the radio car and kissing my lips. His hand pulled down my knickers and a finger wormed its way into my hot snatch. His head moved down and disappeared between my big pink breasts. Clumsy as he was, my fanny was telling me I was ready for action.

So what would you do? I know, the politically correct thing would have been to pull up my panties, run screaming from the estate car and take him to court for sexual harassment. On the other hand, I could lie back and think of my career — a good bonk would mean the breakfast show, at least and anyway, I fancied a shag!

Unfortunately at that moment, we spotted the afternoon DJ stomping sullenly across the field towards the car. We quickly adjusted our dress.

"There are no t-shirts left and they're going fucking crazy out there!" he said as he slumped in the front seat.

"I'll nip back to the station and get some more," I said breathlessly and hurried to my car.

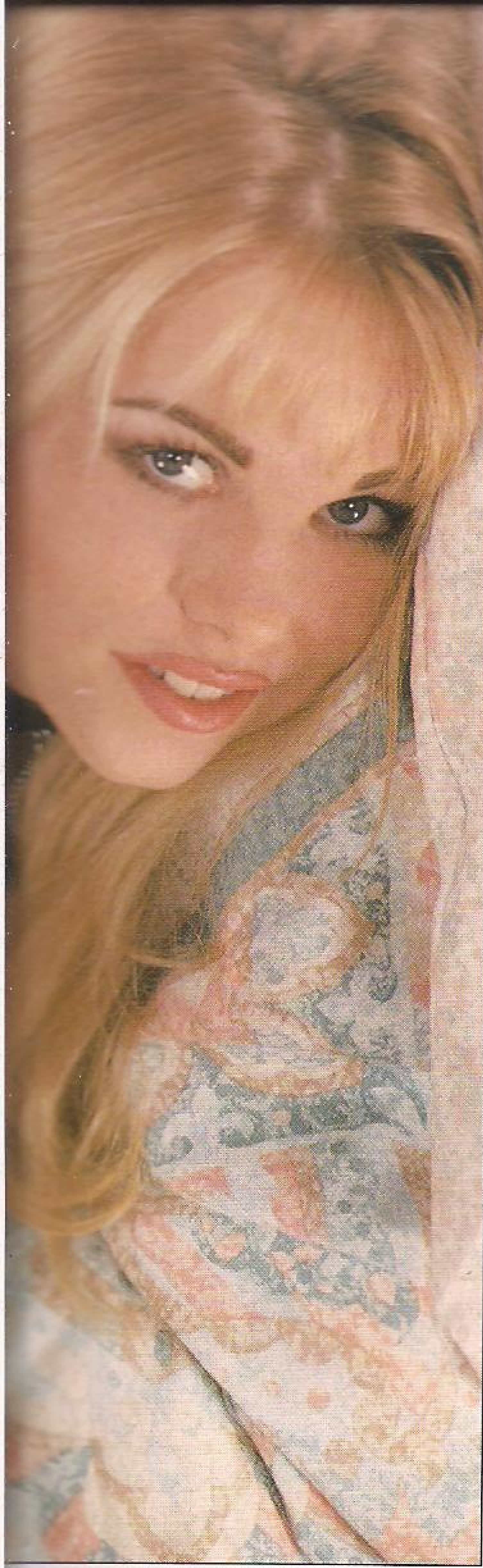
So I didn't quite bonk my boss — but I would have done. And before you tell me off for being an over-ambitious tart, don't tell me you haven't played office politics now and again. And when it comes to playing that game, we women have the ultimate ace hidden away... Ⓜ

SHARON MACKINTOSH

We were positively deluged wit mail after Sharon's last appearanc in Vol 29 No 6. This lusty 19-year old's love of long, hot sex sessions left our post-bag bulging with offers, or rather, offers of your bulges... One reader was literally rendered speechless by lovely Sharon's 36-24-35 figure; his letter had he name at the top but the rest wa blank!

"I loved the letters!" cooed the bubbly blonde. "Some of them were so raunchy they really turned me on. One guy (he'll know who he is!) could certainly share my bec anytime. What he didn't suggest wouldn't be worth doing — includ-ing a few uses for a banana and a couple of apples I'd never thought of! A lover with a bit of imagina-tion... perfect!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOANIE ALLUM



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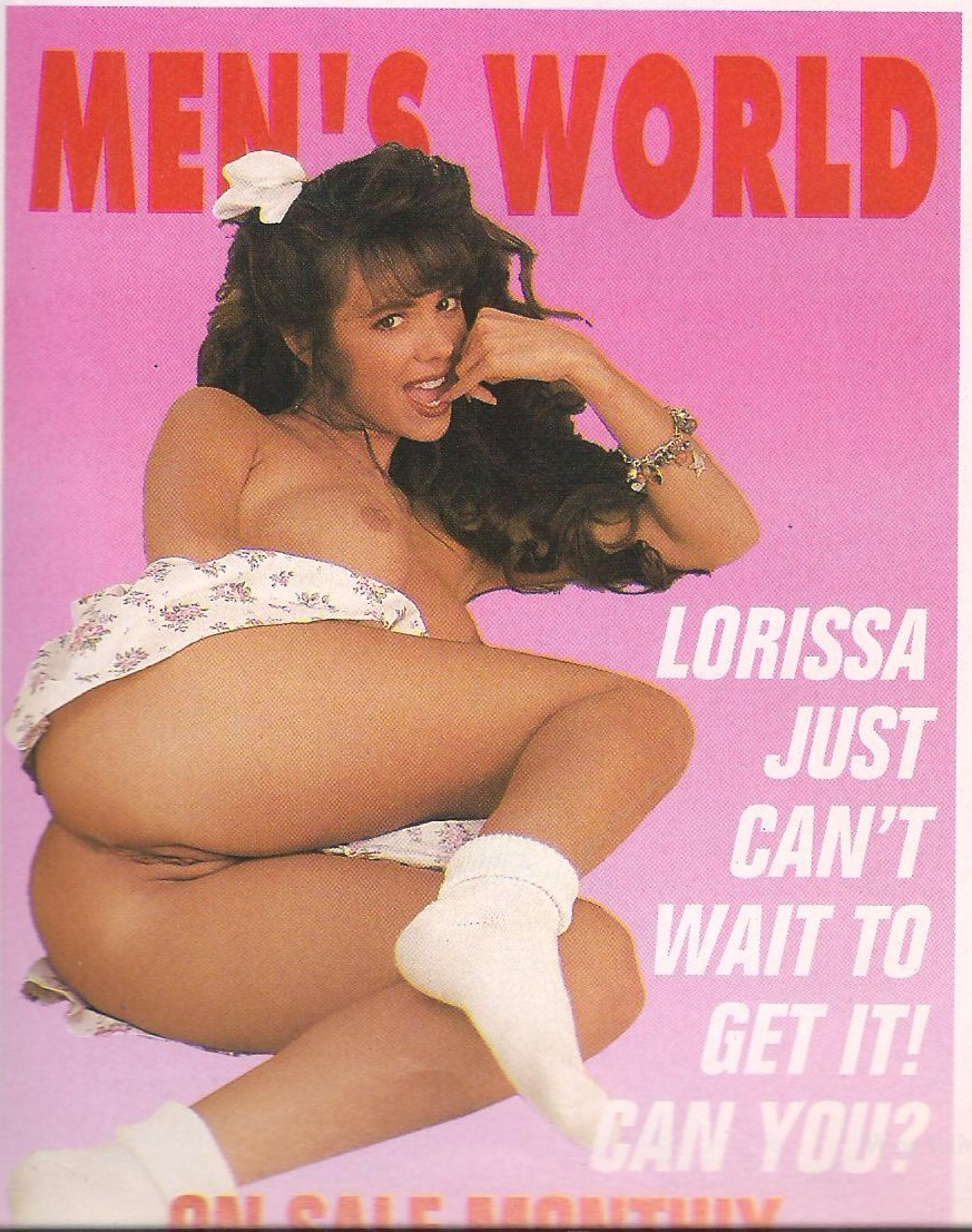
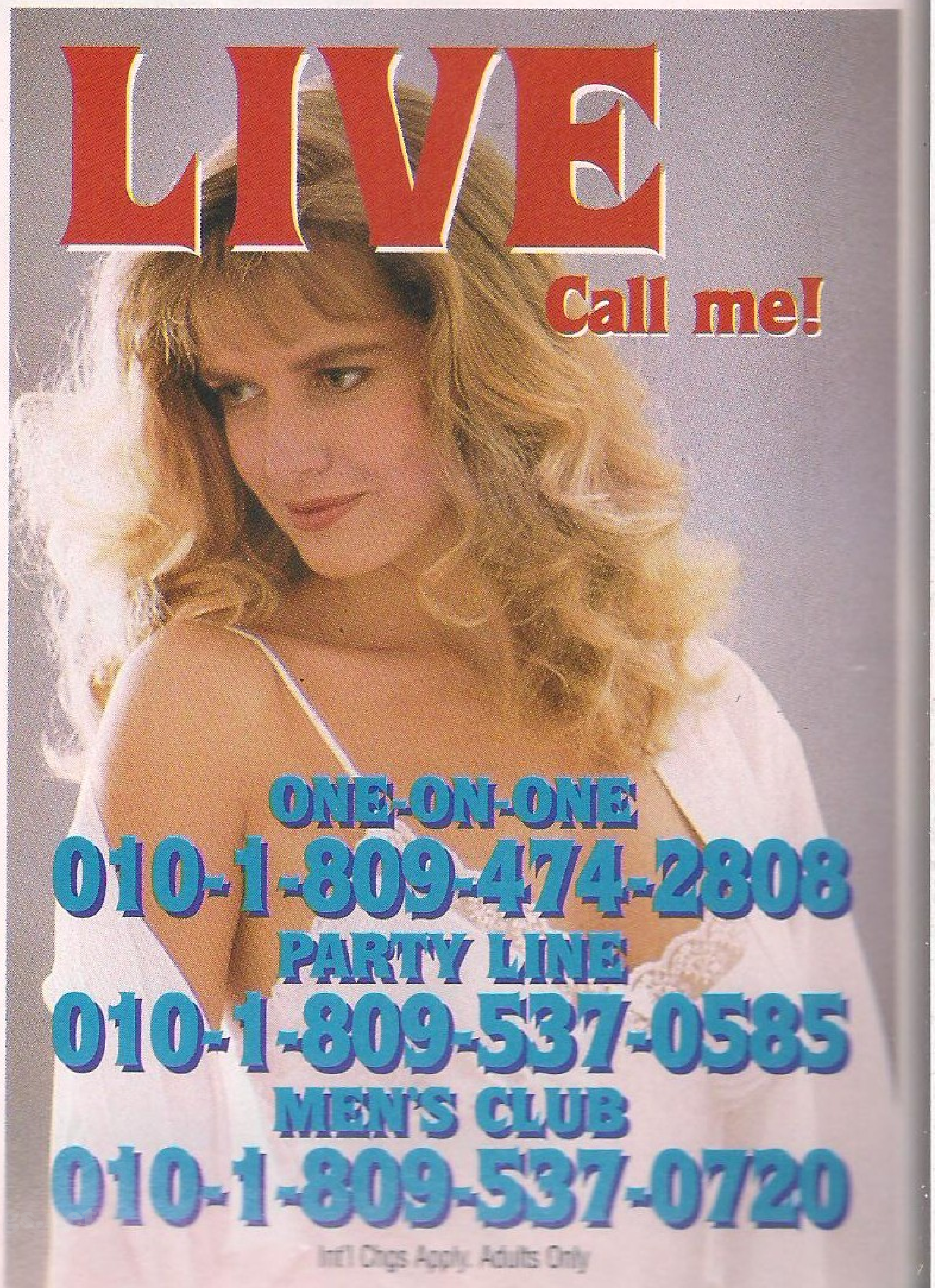

MEN'S WORLD
LORISSA
JUST
CAN'T
WAIT TO
GET IT!
CAN YOU?
ON SALE MONTHLY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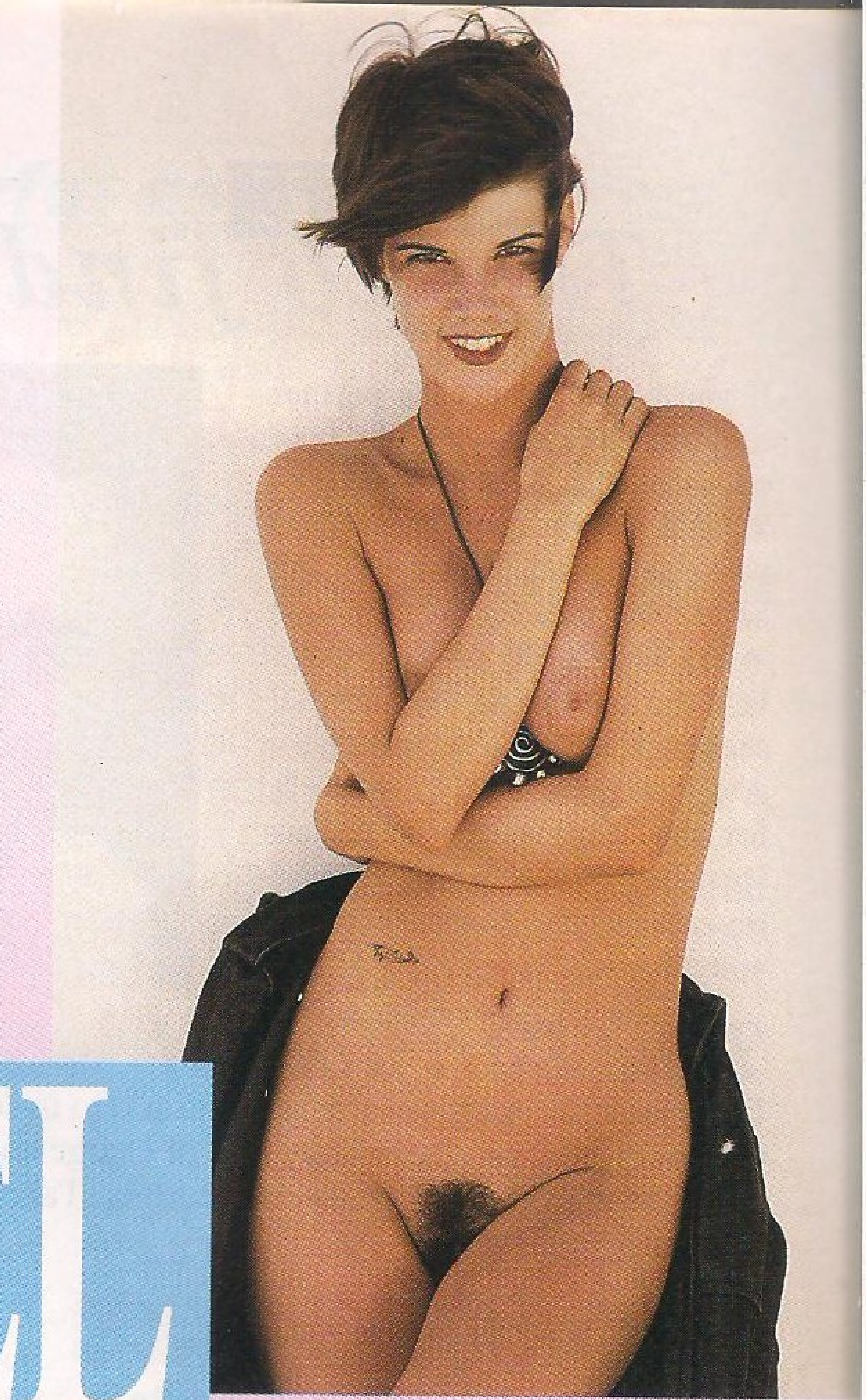

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BUT THEY'VE GOT ONE THING IN COMMON. THEY'RE ALL

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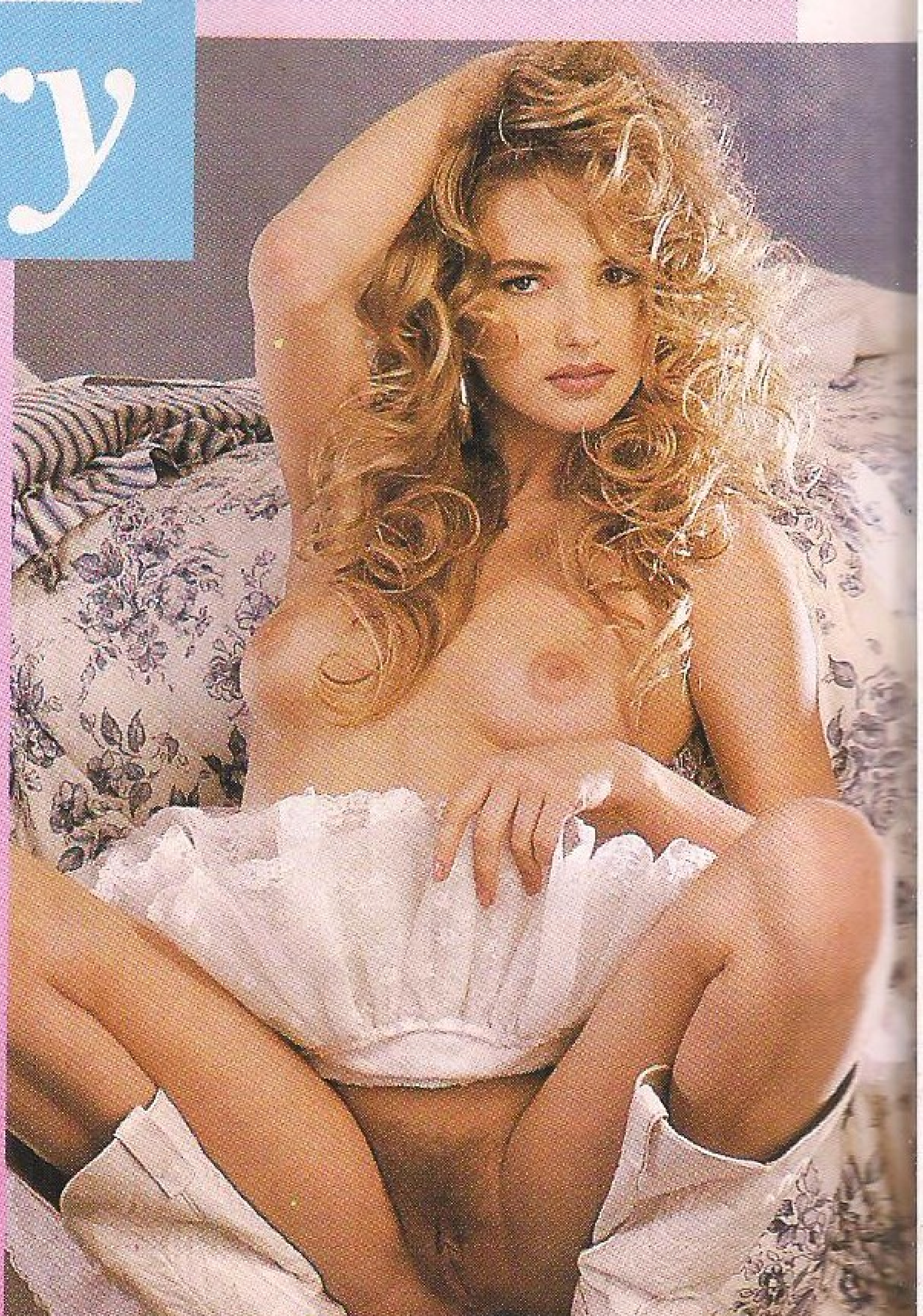
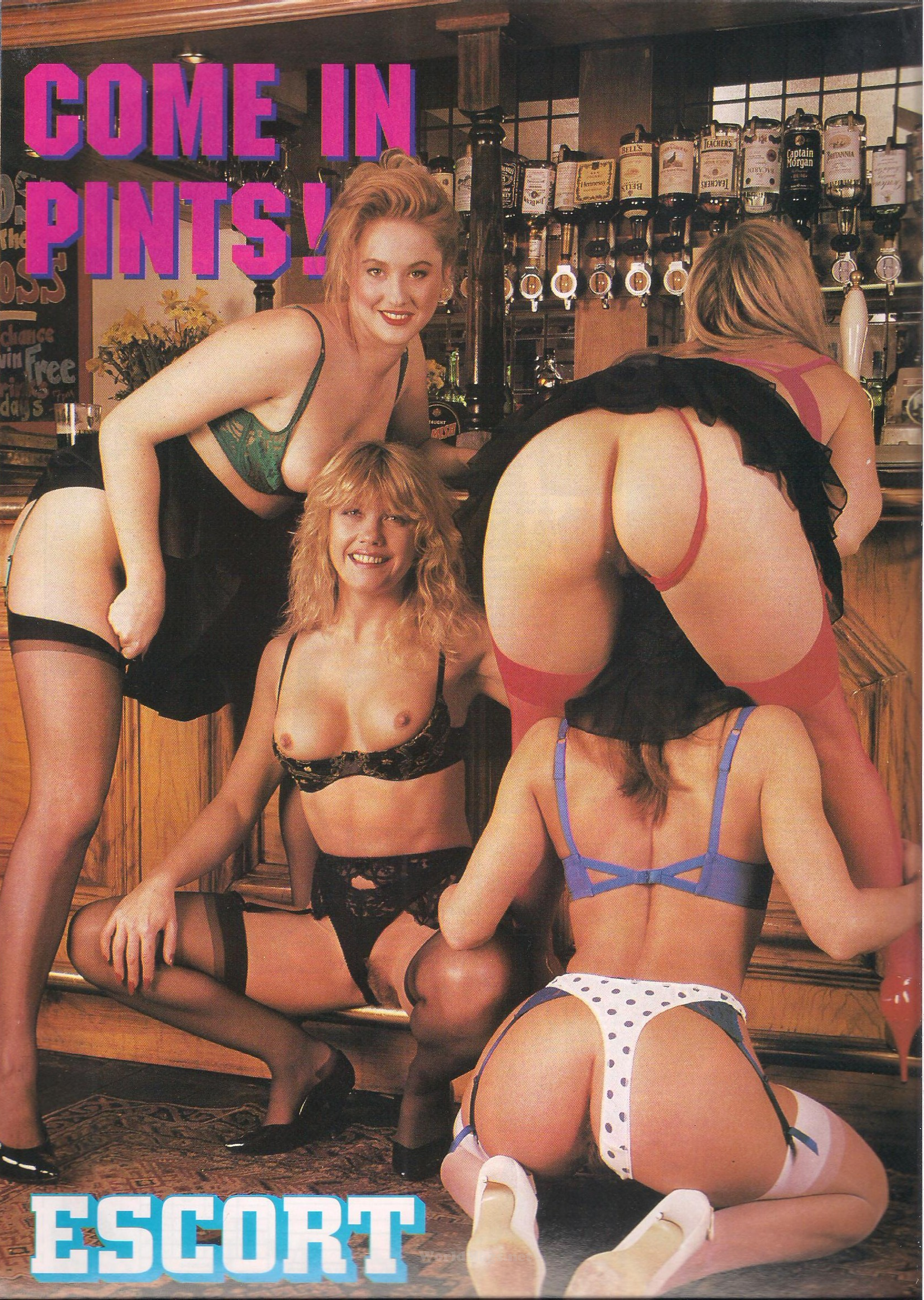
GET 'EM IN EVERY MONTH!



COME IN PINTS!


BELL'S
TEACHER'S
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chance
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ESCORT

HOLLY

Holly Bush (no jokes please, she's heard them all!) might be 20 years old but there are some things she's never grown out of: chocolate sponge with lumpy custard, eating with her fingers and dressing like a school-girl. "Unlike other girls, I couldn't wait to get back into my school uniform! I was the only one still wearing it in the Sixth Form and so I'm really pleased that little pleated skirts, white knickers and black stockings are back in fashion. My body hasn't changed much since then, and my face? Take it from me, I never looked sweet and innocent in my life!" Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS